

Professional Cards.  
ATTORNEYS.

JAS. W. WOFFENDIN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Weston, W. Va.  
All business promptly attended to. Investigation of Land Titles a specialty.

W. G. BENNETT,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Will practice in Lewis and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals and U. S. Courts.

R. J. SIMPSON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND COMMISSIONER OF THE  
COUNTY COURT,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Will practice in the Courts of Lewis and adjoining counties.

ANDREW EDMISTON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

HENRY BRANNON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

J. M. BENNETT,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals and U. S. Courts.

WILLIAM L. LIVERY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and in the Court of Appeals and U. S. Courts.

LOUIS BENNETT,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND COMMISSIONER OF THE  
COUNTY COURT,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties.

WM. K. ARNOLD,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Practices in the Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties, and the Court of Appeals and U. S. Courts.

E. F. FLEMING, N. M. BENNETT,  
FLEMING & BENNETT,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Glenville, W. Va.  
Practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Glen, Calhoun, Harrison, Webster and Lewis, and in the Court of Appeals and United States Courts.

G. J. ARNOLD,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Jacksonville, W. Va.  
Practices in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals and United States Courts.

WM. W. BRANNON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Lewis and adjacent counties.

PHYSICIANS.  
A. M. DENT, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Office on Bank Alley, one door from Smith's drug store. All calls—night and day—promptly attended to.

G. B. SIMPSON, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Can be found at his residence on Centre Street. All calls—night and day—promptly attended to.

W. J. BLAND, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Office on Main Street, one door below the news depot. All calls promptly attended to.

M. S. HOLT, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Office on Bank Alley. All calls—night and day—promptly attended to.

T. O. EMISTON, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Weston, W. Va.  
When not professionally engaged, can be found at his father's residence, Main Street.

CHAS. W. SMITH, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Weston, W. Va.  
Office, one door above the post office, Main Street.

DR. J. W. DARLINGTON,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Salt Lick, W. Va.  
Tenders his professional services to the people of Salt Lick and vicinity.

M. E. WHELAN, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Roanoke, W. Va.  
All calls, night and day, promptly attended to.

Hotels.

Hayden Hotel  
Second Street, Weston.  
Conveniently located in the central portion of the town. Good rooms, good table and excellent stabling.  
Charges Very Moderate.  
JAS. M. HAYDEN,  
Weston, Sept. 11.

BAILEY HOUSE,  
E. M. TUNSTALL, Proprietor,  
Main Street, Weston, W. Va.

Walker Hotel,  
SAM'L WALKER, Proprietor,  
Clarkburg, W. Va.

SHAMROCK HOUSE,  
(across opposite the Court House),  
Weston, W. Va.  
JAMES BURNS, Proprietor  
Having refitted and returned this establishment, I am prepared to offer the best of accommodations to the public. Good stabling on the premises.  
CHARGES VERY MODERATE.  
THE BAIT at my house is always supplied with pure liquors, of all kinds. Come and see me.

Commercial Hotel,  
(FORMERLY BARTLETT HOUSE),  
PERRY CAMP, Proprietor,  
Main Street, adjoining Court House,  
CLARKSBURG, W. Va.

THE WHITE HOUSE,  
ROANOKE, W. VA.,  
W. L. WHITE, Proprietor.  
Good accommodations and reasonable terms.

Curry Hotel,  
1. W. CURRY, Proprietor  
Near the Addition  
all the comforts,  
WEBSTER CO., W. VA.

Addison Hotel,  
W. J. WOODDELL, Proprietor,  
Weston County Salt Sulphur Springs,  
Addison, W. Va.

The Cherry Vally House  
Near the Addison Salt Sulphur Springs, Webster Co., W. Va.  
Will open June 1st, 1881, for the season. It has the most beautiful grounds, and is the most comfortable house in the county. First-class board, and horses well cared for.

GIVE ME A CALL.  
T. R. CHERRY.  
DENTAL SURGEONS  
DR. J. M. LAZIER,  
—Resident Dentist—  
Weston, W. Va.  
I have permanently located in Weston. All work done in a scientific manner, and warranted to give satisfaction. Prices low. Office over Lewis' Store.

ALL WORK WARRANTED  
NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK  
OF WESTON  
Discount Day—Wednesday.  
Directors:  
R. J. McANDLISH, M. W. HARRISON,  
T. J. CAMDEN, A. H. FURST,  
A. A. LEWIS,  
R. J. McANDLISH, Pres't.,  
M. W. HARRISON Vice-Pres't.,  
D. N. BAILEY, Cashier.

D T PETERSON  
SURVEYOR,  
Weston, W. Va.  
(County Surveyor Lewis County)  
Parties desiring my services can address Weston. Will go to any of the adjacent counties. Terms moderate.

JOHN E. HAYS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Glenville, W. Va.  
Will practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Glen County.

B. F. SMITH,  
Photographic Artist,  
Over Lewis' store,  
MAIN STREET, WESTON.

LINN & HAMILTON,  
ATTORNEYS & REAL ESTATE  
AGENTS,  
Glenville, W. Va.  
Mr. Hamilton will practice in the courts of Lewis county.

Betrayed by a Woman.

It was upon a summer's evening that Roy Gordon, a clerk employed in the general office of a great railway and coal-mining company, strolled idly along a romantic stream known as "Silver Water." This lovely little river flowed through the wide-spreading meadows which surged in emerald billows about the mining town of Halford. He heard the rushes shiver in the evening breeze; he saw the last rays of the yellow sunlight reflected upon the clear, pure bosom of the stream; and the faint cerulean light stealing in through the foliage. The placid, glassy surface of the water was not unlike the floor of a cathedral stained with the glory of a painted window.

Roy Gordon enjoys and appreciates the beauties of the scene, but he is thinking of other things. His mind is filled with the image of a fair young girl whom he loves, and whom he is even now on his way to meet at the lover's rendezvous. His reflections should be pleasant ones, but they are not wholly so; for the girl who is so dear to him is the daughter of a railway king, and he is only a poor clerk; and as he thinks of this, the fairy-land of love that has made his delightful day-dream melts away like a mirage in the desert.

Suddenly he pauses in his walk, and the sound of human voices, speaking in low and guarded tones, comes to his listening ear. There is something familiar in the tone of one of the speakers, and parting the bushes, he peers cautiously through the opening, and sees a man and woman standing close together, engaged in earnest conversation.

"Yes, to-morrow night we shall make the raid upon the company's property at Allenville," said the man, a shrewdly dressed, thick-set individual. "Bob Kane will be on hand with a band of roughs and tramps from the city, and they will start the riot. The police force is small, and if the authorities don't get wind of our intentions, we shall have the game in our own hands. The depot, machine-shops and engine-houses will be burned, and the freight-cars and company store-houses plundered. We expect a rich booty. By heavens! this strike is a bonanza to us. We shall and crooked coveys, and the honest workmen who suffer by it, and would sooner protect property than destroy it. Ha, ha, ha! I heard all the battle in Pittsburgh, and I'll do better yet at Allenville."

As he listened to this scheme of crime, Roy Gordon's cheeks flushed with honest indignation, and he longed to spring upon the villain who boasted of his evil deeds, but he restrained himself. "I will follow your instructions, Dick," said the woman, referring to some portion of their conversation which Roy had not heard. "Oh, if those bloated aristocrats only knew that I am an enemy in their camp, how soon they would get rid of me. And now I must go, for I have some business to attend to at the office, and I must not be absent during these exciting times."

The woman hurried away, and the man, whom she had familiarly addressed as Dick, after lighting a cigar, strolled away in an opposite direction. In the uncertain light Roy had not been able to see the faces of the persons whose conversation he had overheard, nor could he then determine where he had heard the man's voice before.

The incidents of this sketch occurred during the time of the last great strike, and for days and weeks the newspapers had teemed with accounts of its progress, until it seemed to the reader that the strike were universal, and that almost all branches of labor were suspended to take part in the great battle of labor against capital. That very day had been one of intense anxiety to the company who employed Roy Gordon; for telegram after telegram came flashing along the wires bearing the startling intelligence that their own employees who had thus far stood aloof from the honest though mistaken struggle, had at last joined the strikers. The property of Allenville, which the man who had just departed had so lightly spoken of as belonging to Roy's employers; and it may well be supposed that he was deeply interested and excited by the intelligence he had now so unexpectedly overheard.

"And so the work of incendiaries and plundering is to be brought home to us. But thanks to what I have overheard it shall be prevented. I will at once inform my employers of it, and they will take measures to thwart the villains. Oh, the wretches! If they should succeed the outrage would be attributed to the working men, and still further alienate the sympathies of the public from them." Thus thought Roy, and for the moment forgetting her whom he had come

to meet he was about to hasten to the company's office when a light footstep sounded behind him, and in a moment pretty Alice Remilton was at his side.

The lover's stolen interview was very brief. For duty, Roy sacrificed the pleasure of the lovely girl's society, and within half an hour he had communicated his startling intelligence to Thomas Remilton, the president of the company, and the father of pretty Alice.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Remilton, when Roy had concluded. "How can I send word to Allenville; oh! how can I warn them there! The strikers or the hands of roughs who guard the railway will not permit a single car to move, and only a few moments ago I was informed that we could not communicate with Allenville by telegraph. The wires must have been cut within a few hours."

"But let me try the telegraph now. It is barely possible that we may get the dispatch through," suggested Roy.

"Very well," answered the other, and he dashed off a message. Handing it to Roy, he said, "Run to the telegraph office, and try if you can send it. Be very careful that no one learns its contents save the operator. She is perfectly trustworthy, of course."

Roy rushed to the telegraph office, and as he entered he saw a young woman standing at a window. The window was open and Roy thought he saw some person who had been standing outside glide away from it. At his entrance the young lady turned quickly, and Roy thought she seemed somewhat confused; but what caused him a momentary surprise was that it occurred to him that the lady was very like the woman he had heard conversing with the strange man by the side of the Silver Water. But as this young lady was Jane Carr, the telegraph operator, and as she had long been a competent and trusted employee of his company, Roy dismissed the sudden doubt as unworthy a second thought, and producing his message, requested the lady operator to try if she could "call up" Allenville, but he did not permit her to see the message. He very prudently thought that if she could not communicate with Allenville, it was quite unnecessary that she should know its contents.

Again and again the mysterious "tick, tick, tick" that was to call the operator at Allenville was repeated, but in vain; and at last Jane Carr gave up the attempt. "It is useless, Mr. Gordon," she said; "the wires must have been broken."

Roy assented, and hastened back to the president's office and announced his failure. "There is only one way of communication open," said Mr. Remilton, after a moment's reflection, "and that is to send a messenger to Allenville on horseback. A good many horses would be required, but by frequently changing and always riding at full speed, I think a man might reach Allenville by three or four o'clock to-morrow, and that might be in time to save our property. The undertaking is not without danger, and where shall I find a man upon whom I can depend?"

"I will be your courier—I will carry your message to Allenville," spoke up Roy Gordon, bravely.

"Thank you, thank you," said Mr. Remilton, and he grasped the young man's hand and pressed it warmly. "Get the message through in time to save our property, and name your own reward. I promise you it shall be granted."

"Oh, we will talk of that another time," answered Roy, smiling. "And now I will be off at once," he continued.

"Yes, you cannot start too soon—every moment counts. Here is money with which to meet expenses," and he placed a roll of bank notes in Roy's hand. The dispatch which he tried to send by telegraph bears his signature, and that will be all the order you need; our men will obey it, and the mayor will no doubt call out the local military."

Roy then left the office, and as he passed by the residence of Mr. Remilton he saw Alice at the open window, and she looked as lovely in the soft and silvery moonlight as did Juliet to the enraptured eyes of Romeo. He could not go away without a parting word with her, and so he passed through the gate and in a moment more he was in Mr. Remilton's parlor.

Of them seem to me like the heroes in my favorite novels, and I hope they will make papa give them higher wages. He says I am sentimental and romantic—that I read too many novels, and all that. And he laughs at me when I talk about labor and capital, and those things he thinks women do not understand. And oh, Roy, do you know that Ned Hope, that handsome engineer of whom you were so jealous, is a leader of the strikers? Imagine him at the head of a band of brave men, fighting his way through the police to give bread for the starving women and children, who stand in the background encouraging him on. Oh, wouldn't he be a hero!"

"Hah! ha! ha!" laughed Roy. "I can understand how it is that an enthusiastic woman may urge a man to deeds of bravery that of himself he would not dare," he said, as he looked upon the lovely, animated face of the speaker.

"Ah, Alice," he went on, "I fear you are at heart a little striker yourself. I wish any thought of me could call up such a light in your eyes as did that of Ned Hope's imaginary heroism."

The words were spoken lightly, but there was a bitter dread in his heart; he feared that she thought too well of the man who had been his rival. They conversed for a few moments longer, and then Roy departed, but their parting was not what he could have wished it; it seemed to him there was a coldness in her farewell that was new to him.

Was it a jealous imagination on his part, or had Alice elevated Ned Hope to the sphere inhabited by the heroes of her novels to be adored as they were?

Alice accompanied Roy to the door, and the parlor was left empty for a few moments. When she returned she saw the dispatch that he had dropped, and picking it up, thoughtlessly read it. It ran as follows:

To James Smith, Sup't Allenville Department.  
The strikers will attempt to burn and plunder our depots and store-houses to-morrow night. Make every effort to save the property. Request the mayor to call out the military and extra police.  
"Thos. Remilton."

Alice had but just finished reading the message, when Roy, who had missed it from his pocket, hurriedly returned.

"Ah! I dropped it here," he said, seeing the missing document in her hand. "It is very fortunate that no one saw it but yourself," he added, as Alice returned it to him.

"Oh, Roy, you never told me that you were going so far away. You may be in danger. Take good care of yourself, and do not risk your life to oppose the strikers."

"For your sake, darling, I will be very cautious. Mention nothing of this to any human being; my mission must be kept a profound secret; for were the strikers to know that I am going to warn the authorities of Allenville against them my life would be in peril."

In another moment he was gone, and was soon dashing away upon a fleet horse in the direction of Allenville.

On, on, he sped, and in a few brief minutes the town was left behind. Once he turned and glanced back; for he thought he heard the sound of horse hoofs behind him, but he saw nothing only far away the fast receding lights of Halford.

On, on again, and soon the moon sank behind the western hills, and darkness closed around him. It now became necessary to proceed more slowly, and he checked his horse's speed somewhat. It was several hours later, and he was at a considerable distance from Halford, when, as he was riding leisurely along a lonely stretch of road the blinding light from a dark lantern was suddenly flashed in his face, and a dozen dark forms rose up from the ground around him.

Before he could offer any resistance, Roy was dragged from his horse and securely bound. He saw by the light of the lanterns that his captors were a band of roughs, and it needed no second glance to assure him that there were no working men among them.

"I wish I was in Ned Hope's shoes. Come, boys, we'll just take this young fellow over to the deserted log cabin, and keep him a prisoner until after to-morrow night!"

Two of the men seized our hero, and led him away, while the others followed. Roy seemed like one whose senses had been numbed by a terrible blow; for the words of the man who had taken his dispatch confirmed the terrible suspicion which had arisen in his mind, that Alice loved Ned Hope and had betrayed him. Yes, it must be so; there was no room for a doubt, for Alice was the only human being besides Mr. Remilton and himself, who knew of the dispatch, or that he was going to Allenville.

"Oh, Alice, Alice!" he cried, in his heart. "Oh, how I loved you, how I loved you! I thought you were all that is noble in womanhood, and I would have staked my life upon your truth. Oh, my God, how bitter is my disappointment, how terrible to know that the woman whom I was dearer than life to me, has betrayed me!"

The deserted cabin was reached, and Roy's captors pushed him into its single room. Within the confined space the light from the lanterns rendered objects more distinctly visible than they did without, and Roy obtained a good view of the man who had been the spokesman of the party. It seemed to him that there was something familiar about his face, and he was almost certain that sometime in his life he had seen this man before, but when or where he could not remember.

The party had hardly entered the cabin when there came to their ears the sound of horses' hoofs rapidly approaching, and in another moment a man and a woman upon horseback dashed up to the door. The man sprang lightly from the saddle, and assisted the lady to alight.

"Hallo! Here's Ned Hope, our leader," shouted the man of whom we have spoken, as a handsome young man and the lady came in. Roy looked up, and saw his old rival, and then he turned to glance at the lady. He expected to see the false woman who had betrayed him—he expected to see the woman whom he loved, Alice Remilton, but what was his astonishment when he saw that Ned Hope's companion was Jane Carr, the pretty telegraph operator.

"How are you, boys?" said Ned Hope. "I am glad to be with you once more. This lady is my wife."

"Your wife?" cried Roy, starting forward. "Oh, Heaven, do I hear aright? Then you do not love Alice Remilton, she does not love you. What does it all mean? Alice Remilton must have told some member of this party that I was going to Allenville, for she was the only woman who knew it, and you said, sir, that your informant was a woman?"

Roy turned toward the man who had captured him, as if seeking confirmation of his words.

"Yes, a woman was our informant," he replied.

"And I was the woman," said Jane Carr, calmly.

"You? No, no; you could not have known it," exclaimed Roy.

"Oh, yes, but I did. I was in the sitting-room back of the parlor when you came to bid adieu to Alice. I saw you drop the dispatch, and while Alice was with you at the door I ran in and read it. You see, sir, that you have doubted her wrongfully, unjustly," answered Jane Carr.

No intelligence could have been as welcome to Roy as this, and he wondered how he could for a moment have doubted Alice.

After seeing that he was securely bound, Roy's captors all rode off, and he knew that they had started for Allenville.

"They will reach that place, and then all is lost," thought Roy. "Oh if I could only escape—if I could only break my bonds!"

He struggled desperately. Again and again he wrenched and twisted, and strained at the cords that held him fast, and at last he managed to reach with his teeth the cords that secured his wrists. He had read stories in which people had severed their bonds in this way. Probably he had read of this method of escape at least a hundred times, and now he determined to try it.

Slowly he gnawed away the tough thongs, but although the task was wearisome, he persevered, and finally his hands were liberated, then his other bonds were soon loosened, and he was free.

Now, if he could only reach Allenville all might yet be well, but how could he do that? Much precious time had been consumed, and even if he had a horse, only the most rapid riding would take him there in time.

He strode to the door, and was about to open it, when it was dashed open, and the brutal-looking man who had taken his message confronted him.

"What, about to escape! By jingo, it's lucky I came back after my coat, which contained some money," he cried; and, with another terrible oath, he sprang upon our hero.

A desperate struggle followed, but at last, when almost exhausted, Roy succeeded in striking the ruffian a crushing blow upon the head with the butt of a pistol, and leaving him senseless, he mounted his horse and dashed off toward Allenville.

The rapid, wild, and almost uninterrupted ride that followed seemed afterward, almost like a dream, but Roy reached Allenville in time to warn the authorities, and the endangered property was saved.

When Mr. Remilton asked him to name his reward, he surprised that worthy gentleman by asking the hand of his daughter, but he was made supremely happy by a favorable answer.

He afterward learned that the man whom he had overheard plotting the riot was a notorious character whom he had once seen on trial in a criminal court. His companion that night had been Jane Carr, who had long been the secret wife of Ned Hope, and a traitor to her employers.

Roy never told Alice of the terrible hour when he thought that she had betrayed him.

Unable to Make a Trade.  
The family had only lately moved in the neighborhood. A day or two after their arrival the head of the family went to a grocer in the neighborhood and asked the price of a can of condensed milk.

"Fifteen cents," said the proprietor.

"Fifteen cents!" exclaimed the customer; "why, man alive, I don't want to buy a dozen cans, but only one. What do you ask for half a can, wholesale figures?"

"Never sell half a can."

"I reckon you never sell anything, if you mark your goods up that way. Suppose I take one whole can, will you come down to a dime?"

Fifteen cents is the usual price.

"That may be with unreliable, transient customers, but I am an old citizen of Galveston, and the store that catches my permanent trade will have to be enlarged within six months. Say a dime, and throw in a pound or two of soda crackers, and it's a whack."

"Do you buy a good deal in the course of a year?" asked the proprietor, with a sneer.

"Do I buy a good deal? I should say that I did. Why, it won't be more than two months before I'll have to get another box of matches. The box I am using is more than half gone, and I only got it last February, too. Say a dime for the condensed milk, and one of those stale watermelons thrown in as a sort of an inducement, and you can put these two nickels in your burglar-proof safe."

"Fifteen cents is the lowest price."

"I wish you could see my blacking brush. It can't hold over Christmas, and then I am bound to negotiate for a new one. Throw one box of blacking in with the condensed milk and it's a transaction."

"I won't do it."

"All right! You don't do it!" I'll just keep my eye on you. I'll bet your stock is insured for twice what its worth, and you are going to have a fire pretty soon. When a merchant don't care to build up a trade, he's fixing to fail or swindle somebody. Good morning, sir."

Life Without Love.  
We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move about their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish them in your heart's best affections, indulge in the warm and glowing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love.

Words of Wisdom.  
It is more easy to be wise for others than for ourselves.  
A man must have a very bad opinion of himself, not to be willing to appear what he really is.  
To know how to listen is a great art; it is to know how to gain instruction from every one.  
Is it not strange that some men bath vice and are virtuous, love virtue and do not follow it?  
The human mind is like a vast firmament lighted on all sides by stars of different magnitudes.